The BACKSLIDER.

I.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep;
False to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.
Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me all Long-suffering shewn;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

II.

SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart:
Give me, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy Grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

III.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Life, and Happiness, and Love
Drop from thy gracious Eye;
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

IV.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The Harlot in Diſtreſs,
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon ſeal'd,
And bad her go in Peace:
Foul like her, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan:
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

V.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,
Thou didſt thy Followers ſee,
"Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
"Weep for Yourſelves, not Me."
Am I by my GOD deplor'd,
And ſhall I not myſelf bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

VI.

Look, as when thy piteous Eye
Was clos'd that we might live,
"Father (at the Point to die
My SAVIOUR gaſp'd) "Forgive."
Surely with that dying Word
He turns, and looks and cries "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving LORD,
O my bleeding, loving LORD,
This breaks my Heart of Stone,
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

An

An Hymn to the Trinity.

I.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father All-glorious,
O'er all Victorious!
Come, and reign over us,
Antient of Days!

II.

Jesus our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our ſure Defence be made—
Our Souls on thee be ſtay'd—
Lord, hear our Call!

III.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty Sword—
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People bleſs,
And give thy Word Succeſs,
Spirit of Holineſs,
On us deſcend!

IV.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy Sacred Witneſs bear,
In this glad Hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Pow'r!

V.

To the Great One in Three
Eternal Praises be
Hence—Evermore!
His Sov'reign Majesty
May we in Glory see,
And to Eternity
Love and Adore!